

Sketch

Volume 30, Number 3

1964

Article 19

The Minstrel

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The Minstrel

by Neil Howard

He sang for joy of singing
But loved only to say—
I have loved.

On Becoming Twenty-Six

by Ervin Wolff

Last week: When I thought of tomorrow
And the shining days coming,
Still, I conceived—accomplishments, praises
Coming on the noon-day's fecundity.
I would be successful, not Prufrockian; golden
Trumpets; kisses; "misters";
And spattering, glistening, applause for ME.
I'd be the graduating class.

This week: I've been what I'd be.
The flying spray and froth
Are lava oceans; not-flowing.
Tomorrows are today for me, for us.
I mustn't think; youth was thoughtless
And senility defines itself.
Perhaps I can whiten my hair, water
My eye, pinken my scalp?
In an old ascetic suit, I'll nod
Gravely to young girls.

Last week. This week. Next week. Forever.